

The Truth About Florida

The Bunnell Home Builder

S. HOWARD, Editor

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First Anniversary Number



Birds-eye View of a Portion of the Residential District of Bunnell, Principal Town in the Bunnell-Dupont Colony, the "Biggest Little City" on the Florida East Coast.

Editor's Personal Page

BUNNELL HOME BUILDER CELEBRATES FIRST ANNIVERSARY. Anniversaries of important events are usually celebrated with especial interest, such as the anniversary of our birth or our marriage,

the anniversary of the birth of the Christ Child and other days held dear by sacred memories.

So, with a special affection and interest do we regard this, the first anniversary of the BUNNELL HOME BUILDER.

One year has passed since our little magazine went forth on infant wings, hesitating, yet trusting it would meet the needs and requirements of our large family of Bunnell land owners. Its welcome was greater than we dared hope for, and thus it has continued from month to month, bearing its message of comradeship and cheer.

We are happy in believing that this little sheet has become an important factor in many homes, for it is the link that binds its scattered readers to the home that awaits them in the beautiful Southland.

How many changes a year may bring forth! Three hundred and sixty-five days seem but a short while, and yet infinite time may be experienced, if counted by the heart throbs of joy and grief, pleasure or pain. Whether the years seem long or not they slip by all too soon, even though we may overlook their passage in the busy rush of life.

Be this as it may, we should all keep in mind the twilight years of life, the years we shall spend with our faces toward the sunset, which we are entitled to spend in quietness and comfort. Happy is the man or woman who has anticipated these days, who has had forethought enough to provide for them, and who is then able to enjoy the simple life which his heart longs for.

We have had the pleasure of welcoming many new friends into our family circle during the past year, friends whose letters of encouragement and whose helpful suggestions have made glad our hearts.

Very busy have been the days constituting the year, at Bunnell. Men and women have been engaged in establishing new HOMES, REAL HOMES, however modest they may be, not merely the adjusting of themselves in rented property.

This has been an important year in the history of southern St. Johns County and especially in the Bunnell-Dupont colony. Developments have taken place in a very rapid manner; roads have been built, land has been cleared and cultivated, buildings have been erected, and all this is nothing, we believe, to what we shall be able to record in the pages of the Home Builder during another twelve months.

Our readers will take pride in this anniversary number, we feel certain, and many will file it away with their other copies, to be looked over at some future day when Bunnell-Dupont has surpassed all that we have predicted for it.

You will enjoy reading the interesting letters; you will find pleasure in looking at the latest pictures of the colony, but best of all, there will be that feeling of kinship in your heart as you realize that you are a part of all this, and that we are all working toward one great aim—THE UPBUILDING OF THE BUNNELL-DUPONT COLONY.

I WISH YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS. What do we mean when we say these words, "I wish you a Merry Christmas?" Have we said them so often

that they have become merely a form without the Christmas spirit to inspire them? We trust not.

However, the Editor's Christmas greeting to you all is not of this sort. I wish you a Merry Christmas. I wish that you might feel the exquisite thrill that came to your heart in the years long gone when you found that wonderful jack-knife in the toe of your stocking, or the sheer delight you felt as the flaxen-haired doll was lifted from the topmost branch of the Christmas tree, and your name was called to receive it.

I wish you such Christmas cheer as you once knew in the old home, when father and mother were there dispensing their simple gifts, which were joyfully shared with the happy brothers and sisters.

Alas, perhaps I have wished too much for you; doubtless you will never again be able to have such Christmas gladness as you experienced in childhood. It may be that the exquisite sweetness of those days is over. If so, then I wish you the next best thing—such a merry Christmas as comes from being able to brighten the life of some poor soul to whom no Christmas cheer might otherwise come. The world is full of good deeds to be done, and of good people to do them, if they do not forget.

It is just such Christmas cheer as this I wish to every reader of the BUNNELL HOME BUILDER.

THE BOYS THAT RUN THE FURROW.

You can write it down as gospel,
With the flag of peace unfurled,
The boys that run the furrow
Are the boys that rule the world!

It is written on the hilltops,
In the fields where blossoms blend;
Prosperity is ending
Where the furrow has an end.

He who can impress this truth on the hearts and minds of the boys on the farms will be rendering them good service. Consult history and you will find that the boys who "run the furrow" have in all ages developed into the very bone and sinew of the nation. In the growth of our great American Republic, these boys have developed into men who have counted for much. It is true that in many cases they have left the plow in the furrow and have gone out into the world to achieve success along other lines of endeavor than that they were born to. It is also sorrowfully true that many who have left the plow in the furrow and hied them away to the allurements of the city have left all hope of prosperity behind them when they bade good-bye to the farm. The boys belonging to the former of these two classes are the ones we hear of. We do not hear of the far larger number of boys who have met with nothing but defeat and disappointment in the city. Some of them you will find with gray in their hair and wrinkles in their faces standing behind counters in the city stores at a wage of ten or fifteen dollars a week. Recently a canvass was made of the forty-two clerks receiving an average of fifteen dollars a week in a large city grocery store, and it was found that thirty-three of them, the majority of those there, in fact, had come from the country to the city years ago. Many of them were eager to get back to the country, but did not know how to do so. It is much easier to make the break with the farm than it is to find the way back.

The man that runs the furrow often counts for more in the world than the man behind the desk in the city. He counts for very much more than the man measuring ribbon or dress goods behind a counter in the city. There is no more useful nor honorable occupation in the world than that of the farmer, and he is today assuming a place of importance in the world he has not hitherto held. His home environment has changed in a wonderful way. The farm is no longer the place of isolation it once was. The trolley car, the telephone, the daily mail delivered at the door have brought it into closer daily contact with the world. Then, too, farm methods are changing in a way that makes farming more productive and profitable than ever before. The boy who wants to farm on scientific principles can easily learn how to do so. Uncle Sam is taking notice of the "boys that run the furrow" as never before, and the United States Department of Agriculture is only too glad to be helpful to the boy on the farm.

This is the day of the club of every description, but no club extant is worth more than the boys' corn clubs of the South and West. Some of the boys belonging to these clubs are getting more corn from an acre of ground than their grandfathers got from three or four acres. The "boys that run the furrow" today and propose to keep on running it are wise. It grows more and more difficult for the boy from the country to get a foothold in the city. Just as true is it that it is growing easier for the boy at the farm to make a "go" of it as a farmer. Surely, there isn't a boy who, when he summons his common sense, wouldn't rather be a first-class farmer than a second or third-class business man. A new day is dawning for the "boys that run the furrow."—Youth's World.

THE MAN WHO WINS.

"The man who wins is an average man:
Not built on any peculiar plan,
Not blest with any peculiar luck;
Just steady and earnest and full of pluck.

"When asked a question he does not 'guess'—
He knows, and answers 'No' or 'Yes';
When set a task that the rest can't do,
He buckles down till he's put it through.

"For the man who wins is the man who works,
Who neither labor nor trouble shirks,
Who uses his hands, his head, his eyes;
THE MAN WHO WINS IS THE MAN WHO TRIES."

WHAT Mr. Larson, the Western Representative of the Florida East Coast Railroad Says About Florida.

Editor Bunnell Home Builder:



Mr. L. Larson.

Here, then, is an opportunity for men and women experienced in poultry and dairying to engage in a business that would pay from the start.

The lands in Volusia and St. Johns counties are capable of producing in abundance the necessary feed for stock and poultry. For the cattle you can grow corn, cowpea hay, Rhodes grass, velvet beans, peanuts, cassava, crab grass, millet and many others, while for poultry there are Uplands rice, corn, sunflower, kafir corn and green feed every month in the year. The latter advantage cannot be had in the north four or six months out of the year. One naturally is inclined to ask, after reading the above, why has not many of the Florida farmers gone into the business? I have about come to the conclusion after often asking this question myself, that our people are so used to making big profits from growing fruits and vegetables and supplying the luxuries to northern people in mid-winter, that they feel able and willing to pay the high prices demanded for butter, eggs and meat shipped from the north. But it is the people who live in the towns and cities in Florida who have to pay the same high prices and they are the ones who would welcome "home industries" and would prefer the home made butter, the home made beef and pork and the home grown poultry and eggs.

Therefore, here is a field for the enterprising new comer to supply a demand in these staple products, for which he will always find a "home market" summer and winter. There are not enough broilers and eggs produced in St. Johns county to supply the hotels Alcazar and Ponce de Leon during the season they are open, even if three or more of the present poultry farms should combine. To qualify this statement for the benefit of the readers who are strangers to St. Augustine I might say that the two hotels named accommodate over 900 guests, besides the help. The same applies to Palatka, Ormond and Daytona, all of which have dozens of hotels and boarding houses that do a thriving business from four to six months in the year. Daytona, Palatka and St. Augustine, each with a permanent population of over 6,000 and many smaller towns along the Florida East Coast Railway make a home market the entire year around.

The advantages found in Florida over the north in the poultry and dairy business are many. Perhaps the most important is that the stock can range out of doors the entire year, no expensive buildings being required to shelter against cold weather.

Ice is manufactured in all the towns of any importance and is sold at about the same prices prevailing in Chicago and elsewhere.

L. LARSON.

WHAT Mr. Walbridge, Who has Visited Bunnell Three Times, Thinks of Florida.

Florida, the state of romantic beauty and splendid opportunity, invites all in the winter-bound north to the shelter of eternal sunshine and warmth. It is a wonderful semi-tropical commonwealth, having more area than any southern state, excepting Georgia. It is a state abounding in rivers and lakes, rich in timber, and soil and yields to the least cultivation. Its health-giving climate and lovely warm winters attract the health-seekers, the home-seekers and the pleasure-seekers of the north, east and west to its borders, where grow choice tropical



Mr. J. A. Walbridge.

fruits and rare flowers in profusion. Fine cities and towns dot the state from end to end; great railroads run up-to-date trains to all parts of the state and have a freight system of wonderful capacity for carrying the enormous quantities of Florida produce to the northern markets. In addition are the great harbors from which is carried on an ever growing commerce with all the world.

Florida's industries are hardly realized by the northerner. Her waters abound in fish, oysters, and her lumber industry ranks first on the Atlantic coast, and cattle raising is fast becoming a leading industry. Florida's popularity and almost unbelievable prosperity surpass that of California—her only competitor—for the reason that she is so near the northern markets that her produce can be shipped from the fields to the consumer in twenty-six to thirty-six hours at low shipping cost, while the long haul and high shipping cost put California practically out of the running; therefore, Bunnell offers you every inducement as a place to make your home and live in an ideal climate, rich returns from excellent soil conditions, nearby markets, splendid shipping facilities and, best of all, low living expenses and high prices for your produce.

The property that the Bunnell Development Company is offering for your consideration comprises a vast acreage for farms and townsites. The Florida East Coast Railroad runs through the center of their property, all of which shows you that Bunnell is prominently and importantly located. It is not away off in the wilderness, but it is on the highway of civilization and commerce, which means everything to its immediate and rapid development.

The land is a dark sandy loam—the most productive soil in the state. This soil is easy to work and produces far greater returns than northern farm lands can produce under the best possible conditions.

An investment in a Bunnell small farm is better than any savings bank, safer than any stock, for no business panics can wreck it, no disturbance make it valueless. Being in a fast growing section the land will steadily increase in value, making an excellent investment, and every dollar you put into it to improve it will come back to you many times over.

I have visited Bunnell three times. I was there in August when one almost melted in the north, but I never felt the heat in Florida like I do up north. All the three summers I have visited Bunnell I have found it hot in the sun but if you get out of the sun you will always find a cool breeze and the nights are always cool.

I have visited many towns in Florida but none have impressed me like Bunnell has, and I can't see anything but a great future for Bunnell.

Wishing you and the Bunnell Development Company and all connected with the company great success, I am

Yours truly,
J. A. WALBRIDGE,
Pennsylvania.

A Georgia Man's Experience When Buying a Farm at Bunnell

Mr. S. Howard,

Editor of Home Builder.

The Florida bug bit me about twenty-five years ago, but being just married and my young wife not wanting to leave her mother, we failed to go, but twelve years later I succeeded in getting her down to North Carolina, the first step toward Florida, where we found that one could really live in the South without having chills and fevers and without owning a half interest in a drug store; so after seven years' stay in the good old north state we dropped down to Georgia, where we find it still more pleasant—the second step toward Florida.

About one year ago my son-in-law was taken with the asthma, and I sent him to Manatee, Florida, where he went to work and has worked every day since, and the asthma has gone; so last December I thought I would take a trip to the place I had been trying to go to for about twenty-five years. I had written to all the land companies in the state and, in return, received enough reading matter to fill a good-sized trunk. The more I read the more I wanted to go, so at Christmas I told my wife that I could not stand it any longer, so off I started for Florida. I looked the west coast over and found nothing to suit my taste. Now don't think that the west coast is not a good place to go, for I never spent ten days of my life where I had more solid pleasure than I did roaming the west coast from Tarpon Springs to St. Petersburg; but I wanted a truck farm, so my son-in-law said we would strike out for Bunnell, so off we went. We stopped a day at Palatka, one of the cleanest towns in the State, and the folks there seemed to be alive and full of business. We got a train at 11:30 at night for Bunnell and arrived there after midnight. The hotel was full, all the boarding houses were full. Next to the last place we tried the good old man that came to the door told us that he could give us a rocking chair and that we could sit on the porch the balance of the night. We thanked him and started for the depot. We thought we would have to hold down a bench until daylight, but the good old soul called after us and told us to go to the second house from the corner. We went, and the gent that came to the door took us in, and in less than fifteen minutes we were holding down one of the finest beds that I ever had the pleasure of lying on. The next morning I went to hunt up the gent and pay for our lodging, and found that we had been entertained by the President of the Bunnell Land Company. I will say right here that it would be a God's blessing if there were a few hundred more Moodys in Florida, all spelled with a big M.

After breakfast I was shown over the land. We had not been out but half an hour when I told the boy that we had struck the place. We picked out our land and started for home the same night, happy with the thought that I had at last got a home in Florida—the land of sunshine and flowers.

Now, the next thing was to get my wife down and make her like it, so when I arrived home I talked Florida, grape fruit and oranges, flowers and sunshine until I could see that the Florida bug had got in her bonnet; so the first of February I sent her to a little town, Dunedin, on the west coast, for a two weeks' stay, and right here I will say that the Florida bug bit her for keeps, for it took me three months to get her home again, and since the first cold wind that blew this fall I get it for breakfast, dinner and supper, "When are we going to move down on the place?"

I really think that if half the folks in the cold north were ever to come to Florida in winter and stay one week, in less than five years there would not be room in St. Johns and Volusia County to grow enough potatoes to season an Irish stew.

I have sent my son-in-law and family to the place this fall. He will plow it and put it in peas and next year the place will be all right to crop, and then will come the third step; and may the kind Lord give me a few years in that land of sunshine and flowers.

Sincerely yours,

W. H. McINTURFF,

Georgia.

Mr. Nuss, Formerly of the "Key-stone" State, is Well Pleased With the Bunnell Farm

Dear Sir:

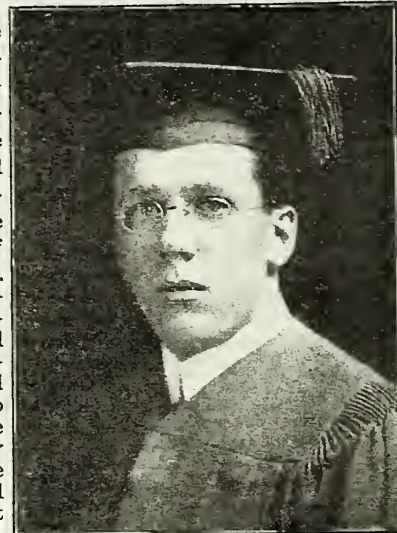
At last I am able to write you from Bunnell. My father and I arrived here October 9th and found everything as represented. We have made a garden and have put out some strawberries. This, however, we did only last week and, of course, nothing is up yet. We expect to plant a considerable amount of Bermuda onions. We have planted cucumbers, peas, beans, radishes, tomatoes, peppers and onions, so far, and expect to plant more onions, lettuce and turnips. I do not know how they will do this time of the year but I will find out. We also want to put out several fruit trees.

I have met a number of the settlers, including Mr.

Mack, and have visited his place twice, and can say it is a credit to himself and family. I like the climate here very much and believe it would be hard to beat. We have had some mighty fine weather since we came here; this afternoon I was over to Gore Lake and found it a beautiful place. I think there is a great future for the Bunnell-Dupont colony—all we need is more people to come here and clear their land.

Yours truly,

GHAELE M. NUSS,
Florida.



Mr. G. M. Nuss.

No More Canada Winters for Mr. Harrison

My Dear Sir:

A great many of my friends in British Columbia have written me, asking what kind of a summer I find here in Florida, and stating that they were afraid the summers would be too hot here and that one would encounter too many pests.

I want to write you just a few lines today, and state that I have not found a quarter of the number of pests and insects here that we have in the north, and the thermometer never goes over 98 degrees here in summer. It registered that the hottest day we had this past summer, but then we enjoyed a nice rain in the evening, which cooled the atmosphere off in a very delightful manner.

I want to say that I am well satisfied with Florida, and well pleased with my land in the colony.

I expect you are having it rather cool in Chicago now. We had three quite cool nights here, but now it is from 65 to 75 degrees again, and certainly lovely weather.

Today I have been out wading above my knees, getting oysters. It certainly is fine to be able to take a splash in the ocean in the middle of November. I have difficulty in remembering what month it is. I often say it is more like August or September weather. I can assure you that there will be no more cold northern winters for me, if I have anything to say in the matter.

My family joins me in wishing you every success.

Yours very truly,

S. J. HARRISON,
Florida.

OBSERVATIONS AND REFLECTIONS

By S. HOWARD

This afternoon I had occasion to go out to one of Chicago's suburbs, and the shades of night were falling ere I completed my business and started for home.

The train that bore me cityward was a "local," and soon it began to fill up with men and boys, empty lunch pails in hand, who also were eager to reach home, after a long day spent in the great steel mills, the car shops and the factories located along the route.

I had noted these massive steel mills belching forth their black smoke, and I had gazed with interest on the fiery blasts issuing from the great furnaces, but now as the employées of these gigantic industries filed into the car, my attention was drawn to them.

Their shoulders were stooped; their hands were rough and black; their faces were grimy, yet underneath this grime and dust I could detect the pallor which inevitably results from such indoor employment. But sadder still, their countenances bore that utterly tired, dejected look, which ceaseless toil without the hope of anything better stamps on the face of many a man and woman.

One unusually weary looking man dropped into the seat just across from me. He leaned back almost immediately, closed his eyes, and a rasping cough shook his body. He continued coughing at intervals as long as he was on the train. Who was this man, I wondered; what forced him to continue such arduous work when nature was warning him to desist? But my questions remained unanswered—he was just another mill man grinding out his weary existence.

As I glanced down the car at these, my fellow men, a feeling of depression came over me. It is sad enough to see men in middle life forced to spend long days in shops and factories, but it is more than pitiful to note young lads whose undeveloped bodies, youthful lungs and pale cheeks are crying out for fresh air and light, but who are forced to spend interminable days amidst such surroundings.

I studied the grimy faces of two young boys in the seat in front of me. Evidently they worked together in the mill, but they seemed too utterly exhausted to talk with each other. They had none of the happy exuberance of youth one should find in lads of that age.

My evening paper failed to interest me after such observations as these, and as I gazed out of the car window into the gathering gloom of a December night, my mind traveled beyond the present weary days to others more oppressing, when these men are no longer able to work, and when many of them will not have the means to live without work.

Instinctively my mind turned to Florida and I wondered what it would mean to these men and boys to awaken in the morning in that sunny clime, to be told that they must still work hard, but that all day long, summer and winter, their work would be in the great out-of-doors, where the weak lungs could expand, where the cramped body would have the opportunity to grow, and where Nature and man could work hand in hand.

I longed to tell these people about Bunnell, and to point them to a way out of their slavery and thralldom.

It is not all sunshine by any means for the poor man in Florida. There are hardships to be encountered and hard work to be done, but there are blessings that compensate for all the difficulties.

I have said before in the pages of the Home Builder, and I want to reiterate it since my ride home tonight.

"Better a thousand times poverty in the country than poverty in the cities."

God speed the day when conditions for the laboring man in the factory, the shop, the mill and the store will be better and happier, and I do believe with all my heart that we are entering upon an era of truer brotherly love and "good will to men."

The Rev. F. M. Williams, formerly Superintendent of the Baptist Mission Work of the State of Nebraska, Tells Why He Believes There Is Not Another Place in the U. S. Which Offers Such Opportunities as the Bunnell-DuPont Colony



Rev. F. M. Williams.

To the Editor of the
Bunnell Home
Builder:—

Having recently made a tour through the South, stopping for some time at Bunnell, Florida, and thinking that my impressions of the Southland, and especially the locality of which the new and growing town of Bunnell is the center, might be of interest to you and, through the medium of your paper, possibly be helpful to someone who, like myself, is seeking to better his condition, I am sending you this little message.

In view of the fact that Florida, as a State, is so rapidly

coming to the front and, in some sections, offering such splendid opportunities to the homeseeker, the phrase so tritely used a few years ago, "Young man, go West," might very appropriately be changed to "Young man, go South or to Florida," and grow up with the country and help to develop the marvelous resources and possibilities peculiar to that State alone.

By way of introduction allow me to state that I was brought up on the farm and have always been interested in that most honorable industry of tilling the soil. Since leaving the farm it has been my privilege to travel from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from Canada on the North to the Gulf States in the South, and in a general way have learned something of the conditions and opportunities of this great country, and can say, without hesitation, that in all my travels I have never been so favorably impressed with any part of this vast territory as I have been with some parts of the State of Florida, and particularly that part in the vicinity of the enterprising and prosperous little village of Bunnell. Understand me, I have no lands for sale, but speak as I have been impressed after my own personal investigation. It is my honest conviction, all things wisely considered, viz: the mildness of the climate, the exceedingly low price of land, the easy terms of payment, the fertility and productiveness of the soil, that there is no place in the United States where such favorable opportunities are offered to the wide-awake, enterprising homeseeker with limited means as are offered today by the Bunnell Development Company in the locality of Bunnell, Florida. This statement, which may seem to be rather strong, is not the gush of enthusiasm or a visionary idea, but is confirmed by practical experience in the history of all the past.

It is a well known fact that in the development of any new country the men who are first on the ground have the most favorable opportunities for making investments that yield large returns in the near future. Now, while Florida was discovered in the early days of this country, a large portion of the State has never been developed, hence the opening up of these undeveloped parts for settlement is practically like opening up a newly discovered country.

The Bunnell Development Company has opened up a large section of this undeveloped land, divided it into small tracts and placed it on the market at such extremely low prices, and the terms of payment such, that a tract of this valuable land comes within the reach of every enterprising homeseeker with very limited means, while lands in Idaho, California, Washington, and all

the West have been advanced in price until they are beyond the reach of the average farmer—hence Florida is about the only chance to obtain productive land at not only reasonable, but very low prices, and this is the reason I speak in such strong terms of the favorable opportunities in Florida today.

For years the trend of population has been steadily toward the large cities. When the farmer had accumulated sufficient means to make himself comfortable, he left the young people on the farm and moved to the city, and in more recent years the young people have been leaving the farms and flocking to the cities, hoping there to find a livelihood, until all professions and occupations are filled to overflowing, and as a result the cost of living has continued to advance until thousands in all the larger cities are not able to earn the real necessities of life, hence the whole country is confronted by the problem of the high cost of living. Again, there are vast numbers in these cities who have reached that time in life when, by reason of their age, their services are no longer wanted. Many of this number are well and strong and able to till the soil, and the most rational course for such men to pursue is to get back to the farm, not the farm of many but of few acres, where they can secure a comfortable living.

When all the unemployed, both old and young, leave the congested centers of all the cities and pursue a like course, the perplexing problem of the high cost of living will, for them, have been solved. And by reason of the fact that the soil in Florida will produce three crops per year, there is no place in the country where an energetic, enterprising man, with limited means, can invest to a greater advantage or where his investment will yield greater returns than in the flourishing little village of Bunnell.

Yours very truly,

F. M. WILLIAMS,
Illinois.

Prospects Bright for this South Dakota Colonist

Mr. T. A. Verdenius,
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—

I landed in Bunnell O. K., and must say that I like it here fine. The climate is very nice.

I came here on October 29th and am now on my land. Have my house built, a well sunk with good water, and only twenty feet deep. I also have a little garden of onions, radishes and lettuce coming up nicely, and I think a man with a little stick-toitiveness will make it all right. Everything a man plants will grow.

Respectfully yours,

F. W. DAVIDS,
Florida.

Announcement

Mr. Verdenius is now having printed a large attractive Calendar for 1914, advertising the Bunnell-DuPont colony. Any person who desires one of these Calendars, can have same by writing to the

General Sales Office
Bunnell Development Company
108 So. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

Many Women are Numbered Among Bunnell's Satisfied Land Owners

The Following Letters from Illinois, Kansas, Maine and Ohio are Evidences of the Fact that "Where There's a Will, There's a Way"



Mrs. O. Buckley.

S. Howard,
Dear Sir:

I see in the Home Builder where you expect a letter from the land owners of Bunnell.

I always wanted a little home of my own. I talked to my husband and tried to get him to go down and look at the land and if it was all right to buy ten or twenty acres; but he only laughed at me and said: "Who wants to live in that God-forsaken country in the swamps and die with fever?"

Well, it ran on and one day I was talking to a gentleman who had just returned from Florida and he said that people were mistaken about Florida, that some of its land

was as good as Illinois land, and that the climate could not be beaten. Then I wanted a home where it was not so cold, worse than ever, and I made up my mind that come what would, I would manage somehow to get a home. I watched closely and made up my mind that the people back of it were honest—but I could not budge Buckley.

Well, the poultry and cows are mine, and after supplying my table and buying our clothing the rest is mine; so I made up my mind to go it alone and get a little home of my own. I bought my little place and had paid in over one hundred dollars on it before Buckley knew anything about it. I now have it all paid for, excepting \$95, and next fall I am going to take one team of young horses, one cow, my chickens and furniture and go to my little home, get into the swim with the rest of the hustlers in the colony, improve my land and make it indeed a real home. What I have done any woman can do, if she will only get that idea out of her head, "I can't," but just say, "I will," and go ahead. She may have to go without a fine dress or two, but she can get the dresses after she has her home paid for.

I have never met Mr. Verdenius, but we have exchanged several letters. He gives one such plain heart to heart talks that I feel like I have known him for years. The little Home Builder makes me feel like I just must sell out and go to Florida.

Wishing you and the Home Builder success, I am

Respectfully,

MRS. OSCAR BUCKLEY.

Illinois.

Editor of Bunnell Home Builder:

I thank you so much for the beautiful little paper, the Bunnell Home Builder you have sent me all these months, and before I begin my household duties for the day I will do my best to tell you what I think about Florida. Although I have never had the pleasure of seeing Bunnell-Dupont, it certainly must be a beautiful place.

In reading one of my magazines an advertisement for land at Bunnell, Florida, came before my eyes and I could not get it off of my mind. When my husband came home at night from work I told him about it. Well, we talked it over and the more we talked the more we thought we would like to own a farm down there. So before going to his work the next morning he said, "you had better write and see about that land." All I wanted was his consent. The company sent me all kinds of literature about Florida and Bunnell-Dupont, which suited us fine, so I sent an order for a ten-acre farm at Bunnell. We have had it paid for for sometime. My husband was down to see our farm shortly after we had paid on it and he found it all that it was represented to be, and that Bunnell was a nice little town. He would like to live there. We hope in the near future, if nothing happens, to make our home there. It is pretty cold here and we certainly would like to go to a warmer climate, where fruit and flowers grow.

Yours truly,

MRS. ADA WARTZENLUFT,

Kansas.

Mr. Verdenius,

My Dear Sir:

We are deeply interested in all Bunnell affairs and keep informed through the St. Johns Tribune in regard to the "doings" there.

We are glad to see so many desirable additions to the town, coming as they do, from every state in the Union, and all interested in improving their own possessions, and thereby improving the town and community.

We wish very much that we could be with you this winter, but cannot make it convenient to leave home and business. We are already looking forward to next winter, and hope we may be able to spend it at Bunnell on our "farm," where we shall build a cottage and make a winter home. We think with great longing, while feeding a furnace fire to keep us comfortable, of the delightful days spent there, and anticipate with pleasure a return. We think of it in the words of the poet:

Down where the skies are a trifle bluer,
Down where friendship's a trifle truer,
That's where Bunnell, Florida, begins.
Down where a fresher breeze is blowing,
Where there's laughter in every streamlet flowing,
Where there's lots of reaping and lots of sowing,
That's where St. Johns County begins.

Down where the town is on the making,
Where things are new, ideals are shaping,
That's where busy Bunnell begins.
Where there's more of singing and less of sighing,
Where there's lots of giving and lots of buying,
That's where St. Johns County begins.

Mrs. R. ANSON CRIE,

Maine.

Editor of Bunnell Home Builder.

Dear Sir:

One day I chanced to see an advertisement of Bunnell-Dupont in a Chicago paper, and it sounded "good" to me. It did not seem so false and overdrawn as so many did, consequently I sent for your literature, and when it came I read and re-read same. However, my husband was cautious, like so many men, and said I would probably get fooled if I invested, and the land would probably be worthless—so the matter was dropped.

About a year later I again had a book sent me from your colony and all my old interest in Bunnell was revived. I looked at the matter from every point of view; that of location, easy transportation, both by rail and water, ocean breezes, etc. It did not seem to me like some colonies, "a thousand miles from nowhere," but like a good prosperous community, only, of course, new and undeveloped. Considering it from every standpoint it looked very desirable to me. I talked to my husband and he said if I could save the necessary money myself I could do as I liked; consequently I secured fifteen acres fronting on the Moody Road and running to the lake, and have felt myself one of the colonists ever since.

We hope, in another year, to come down and make a start on our new home. Our plans are all made and our place all laid out in our minds; in fact, it is already named "Little Eden" after a place in our old home, Michigan.

We intend to set aside an acre for lawn, grounds, buildings etc., as we always endeavor to have a beautiful yard as well as a paying place. I am not one who believes in neglecting the beautiful side of life, but believe in cultivating it along with the practical.

I trust I have not trespassed on your time and patience too long and hope I will meet all the colonists when "Dreams Come True" and we all get to Florida.

Most sincerely,

MRS. ADA E. BEIGLE,

Ohio.

Letters of Interest from Two

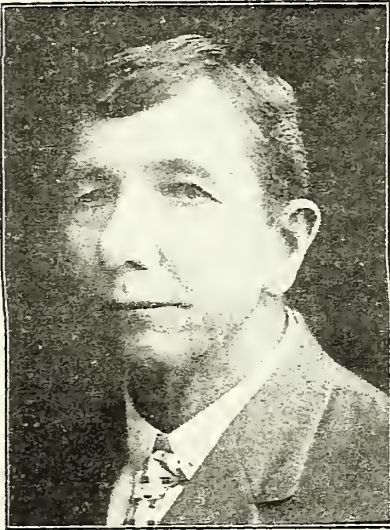
Bunnell's First and Present Mayor Reviews History of the Colony

Mr. S. Howard,
Editor "Bunnell Home Builder,"
Chicago, Ill.

Mr. Editor:

Excuse me for "butting in" just at the busy time, but I wish to ask your permission to have a little chat with the several hundreds of purchasers of the Bunnell Development Company through the columns of your very valuable paper.

Dear Comrades of the Bunnell-Dupont Colony:

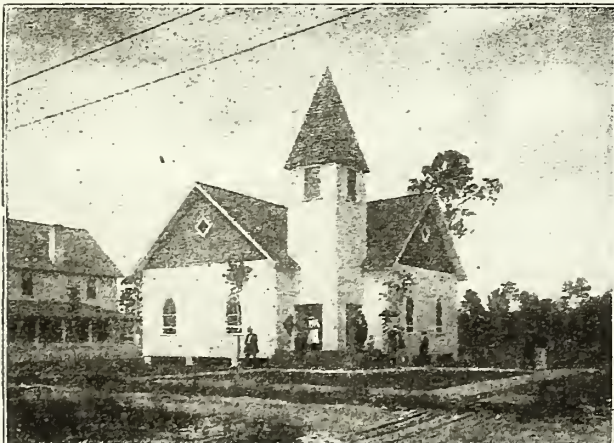


Mayor Heath.

The familiar address with which I hail you above might be considered, by some, a little out of line to apply to people whom I have never had the pleasure of seeing. While I have met quite a number of you personally, there are several hundred of you whom I have never seen; still I know you quite well, having become acquainted through the ink bottle; not only this, but I consider all of you my friends because I have always treated you as kindly as I knew how, have answered all of your inquiries as best I could, and have al-

ways been careful not to misrepresent anything, knowingly or intentionally. But enough of this, you want to know something about Bunnell.

Bunnell is strictly on top, both financially and spiritually, as fine as split silk and greatly admired by everybody. These "woods" are being filled with the finest kind of people. I have been sojourning here for quite a while and I have seen them come and seen them go, I have seen them prosper and I have seen them go broke, I have seen them laugh and I have seen them cry, I have heard them boost, and I have heard them knock. These last named animals, which are very undesirable citizens in any community, have become extinct after wearing out their little hammers "knocking" on iron-clad Bunnell, without any effect whatever, and they, becoming disgusted, have quietly folded their tents and gone where the Whangdoodle mourneth and the wicked cease from troubling.



First M. E. Church and Parsonage at Bunnell.

In my letter to you several months ago I told you that this colony would soon belong to you and it is "up to you" as to what you will make of it. We commenced with nothing and have made it what it is today. Our little monthly payments are what have done this, and we have done well, but we are not going to stop at this. Listen! If every person that owns land in this colony would develop his farm, My! My! what a community we would soon have—the "best ever"—a veritable Garden of Eden. Don't be such a "tenderfoot," get on your property and help make it what it should be, what it was intended to be. People are coming on every train, many of whom are here to stay. Some are simply sight-seers, others hunting jobs, etc. I want to see every man on his farm doing something.

The old Bunnell Development Company, while she has sold out to you and me nearly all the desirable land that she had in the original thirty-five thousand acres, is still spending her money digging canals and building roads and bridges for your benefit. Soon she will step down and out and devote her time and attention to a new tract just south of this, which is equally as good in every respect. It will be sold during the coming year and this will all be one big colony of people; so begin to make your arrangements to get down here at an early date. Verily I have always tried to tell you the truth about Florida, and I am no novice here. I have been here long enough to know. I was not the first one to buy land in this colony. Ed Peterson of Milwaukee was the first. He beat me to it by a few weeks. I wish I had been the first.

But when the bank was opened here I made the first deposit and cashed the first check over the American marble in the cashier's window. When Bunnell was made a voting precinct, I swore in the managers of the first election held here and cast the first ballot that was ever polled in Bunnell. I had the honor of presenting the first church ever built in Bunnell to Bishop Morrison for dedication as steward. I am now serving as Bunnell's first Mayor. I know this community's past record, and I know its present standing, but my mind is not comprehensive enough, nor is my imagination vivid enough to attempt to tell you of its possibilities or to predict its future. All I can say is, that at this young age the Bunnell colony stands without a peer on the entire East Coast among communities of the same age, or in Florida for that matter, and you would have to hunt a long time to find her equal in everything in the United States; so "The Wonder of the South" as she is sometimes called by those who know her best, is by no means a misnomer.

FLORIDA.

Florida, my Florida, 'tis of thee I sing,
With joyous notes I'll make the welkin ring.
Praising thee in the old-fashioned way—
For making December as pleasant as May.

BUNNELL.

Bunnell, beautiful city of great wealth,
Famous not for money—but happiness and health,
To find thy peer or equal, I can truly say,
One would have to travel beyond the "Milky Way."

With the usual benediction, I am, as ever

Your friend,

W. C. HEATH,
Of and for Bunnell, Florida.

Kentucky Man Finds The Country He Has Been Looking For

Mr. Thomas A. Verdenius.

Dear Sir:

I guess you have learned of my coming to Bunnell and buying a nice ten-acre farm. Florida is a great country for a poor man.

I met the finest people here in Florida that I have ever seen anywhere. I have settled in a neighborhood where I have the very best neighbors. I also met your Field Manager, Mr. C. F. Turner, and never was treated better by any one. He seemed to take an interest in me and helped me all that was in his power. I am in a country now that I have been looking for. It has an ideal climate, good water, fine gray sandy loam, good cool breezes blowing from either the gulf or the ocean.

E. W. MORTON,
Florida.

Business Men of Bunnell

Mr. W. A. Sapp, Cashier of the Bunnell State Bank, gives his opinion of the Bunnell Development Company

To the Editor of the Bunnell Home Builder:



Mr. W. A. Sapp.

I am in receipt of your recent favor asking my opinion of the Bunnell Development Company, the lands they are colonizing, and the proposition in general. I wish to say that for two reasons I am very glad to comply with your request. First, being cashier of the Bunnell State Bank I would like to see as many people locate here and build up this community as we can possibly get. Second, I should like to be the means of helping good people to make up their minds to move to Florida, where they undoubtedly will better their conditions,

and where they will find a country with unlimited opportunities.

I was born and raised in Florida and it has been my privilege to come in contact with a great deal of pioneer and colonization work in the south, during the last few years, and I can truthfully say that I do not know of another proposition to compare with the splendid conditions we have here in the Bunnell-Dupont colony. It may seem unbelievable that so much could have been accomplished in the short time the Bunnell Development Company began operations, and I feel that the company and all its associates are entitled to stand at the head of the list of developers along the East Coast, if not the entire state of Florida. While I know that some splendid development work is taking place throughout the entire state, none has ever appealed to me so strongly as ours in the southern part of St. Johns County.

Occasionally, on Sundays, I have the pleasure of going out into the country around Bunnell and every time I notice great improvements that have taken place throughout the colony. New roads and bridges are being built; new fences and new homes are being erected and additional acreage is being cleared. One of the greatest proofs, in my mind, that your company's work has been successful, is the cordial spirit exhibited by all of the settlers—the old, as well as the new—toward the company.



Bank and Office Building at Bunnell, Modern in Every Way

In my position as cashier of the bank I am one of the first men whom the new colonists meet, as they come in to open their accounts in our bank, and I wish to say that the sturdy people whom you have been the means of getting here and who are now settling on their lands and making their homes with us, are the very best you could find. With such people, their unlimited possibilities here, and the co-operation between company and settlers, I look forward to still greater things in the future and I predict that the Bunnell-Dupont colony will some day be the garden spot of the United States.

Practically every day new families come here to locate, and I believe that hundreds more are sure to come to complete the work just started, for I understand that almost two thousand contracts for farms have been issued by the Bunnell Development Company, which shows the great number of families who have taken advantage of and are being benefited by your liberal selling terms.

We are justly proud of our little city with its business blocks, electric lights, avenues of palms, its school, church, bank and beautiful homes, and all of this has been accomplished in such a very few years, scarcely more than months. Here is a town more modern and up-to-date in improvements than many cities in the north scores of years older, and every one is astonished to see a transformation in such a few years, from a wilderness to a prosperous community.

Do you want better proof of the success of this great colony than the facts set forth in these pages?

If people in the north, the east and west and even in the south, would listen to you and visit our county, they would write for their families to pack up and join them at once. With our splendid climate and fertile soil one needs only to work in an intelligent manner, and independence, happiness and prosperity will be his. The poor man, handicapped somewhere else on account of having only a few hundred dollars cash, has a better chance here than people can imagine.

Although your development has been great for such a short time, I foresee a still greater growth in this part of Florida, in the near future, and we shall have cities here where we now have villages—we shall have civilization of the highest type.

I congratulate all who have taken part in this enterprise—not only the officers and all who are connected with the company, but also the good settlers, who certainly are doing their share.

I wish to conclude by saying that any man who will come here financially prepared, and who is not afraid to work, cannot help but prosper and become independent. I do not think there is a place in the United States where such a great variety of vegetables and fruits can be raised, as in Florida in general, and the Bunnell Dupont colony in particular. Besides trucking and fruit-raising there are great possibilities here for general farming, dairying and stock raising. Of course, for dairying and stock raising a man would need more land than for trucking.

Wishing the Bunnell Development Company even greater and more continued success, I am

Very truly yours,

W. A. SAPP.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road
Where the race of men go by;
The men who are good and the men who are bad,
As good and as bad as I.

I would not sit in the scorner's seat
Nor hurl the cynic's ban,
Let me live in the house by the side of the road,
And be a friend of man.

Every Day Happenings In and Around Bunnell and Dupont

As Contributed by Bunnell Correspondent During the Month

CITY DIRECTORY.

Church Services:

METHODIST CHURCH.

Preaching—Sunday, 11 a. m.

Preaching—Sunday, 7 p. m.

Sunday School—10 a. m.

Secret Orders:

F. & A. M., NO. 200.

Meets every second and fourth Tuesday at 7 o'clock p. m. in Masonic Hall, second floor Bank Building.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

Mohawk Lodge, No. 128, meets every first and third Monday at 7:30 p. m. at Castle Hall, in Bank Building.

Much Game Around Here This Season; Quail Is Especially Plentiful.

Yesterday our hunters made a break for the woods and the doom of the quail was sounded. Impatiently have the sportsmen awaited the additional time changed from the first of this month to go out and get a mess of fat quail. The season has been fine for the birds and it has been many years since so many coveys have been seen. Wild turkeys have also seemed plentiful.

Mr. O. Black of Toronto, Can., arrived Wednesday and will immediately enter the chicken business on his farm near Bunnell.

Mr. J. H. Parson of Toronto, Can., has contracted with the Johnson Lumber and Supply Company for a nice bungalow to be erected on his farm at once. Mr. Parson arrived Wednesday and went immediately to work clearing his land preparatory to planting it this winter.

Mr. H. G. Warren arrived Wednesday from Toronto, Can. He immediately contracted for a nice bungalow to be built on their farm near the one of Jacob Beauman, where they will begin work at once.

D. Bichard will construct a nice house on his farm on the Moody road south of Bunnell within the next few weeks.

Mr. Ed. Johnson is in Jacksonville today for the purpose of purchasing a new boiler for his lumber mill and light plant. The demand on Mr. Johnson for building material has grown to such an extent that he has to enlarge his plant.

Messrs. Frank W. Nix and F. E. Bugbee, who are members of the Bunnell Potato and Supply Company, were in Bunnell in the interest of the company.

Nich Lasch received his broom machine this week and carried it immediately to his farm, where he has a fine crop of broom corn growing. He will begin the manufacture of brooms at once.

Mr. J. H. Coster, wife and family of Rochester, N. Y., arrived in Bunnell Tuesday and they expect to make their future home here.

Mr. Coster left Rochester and drove thru to Baltimore, where he shipped his team by rail to Jacksonville. Upon his arrival at Jacksonville he drove thru to Bunnell. He owns land in Black Point, which he will immediately clear and put into cultivation.

Messrs. Cochran and Moody are making rapid progress shelling the county road south to the Volusia County line.

Dr. H. D. Huffman of Covington, Ky., who owns quite a tract of land east of Bunnell, with our pioneer citizen, Mr. J. Jeppson, arrived in Bunnell and has taken up his residence on their farm, where he expects with the assistance of Mr. Jeppson to grow a large acreage of potatoes and other vegetables this winter.

The weather man has certainly ordered us fine weather, for we have had nothing but sunshine for the last two months and a little rain shower would be appreciated by all the farmers.

Mr. J. L. Jenkins is busy clearing his ten acre tract just west of Bunnell.

R. M. Kelsey and A. P. Kinzer of Hohenwald, Tenn., who are expert carpenters, arrived to work for the Johnson Lumber and Supply Company, building homes for the new settlers.

Mr. Helms, who lives east of Bunnell, makes his weekly trips to town with a wagon load of fine oranges, grapefruit and tangerines, which he disposes of here in town at fancy prices.

The new settlers are arriving in large quantities. Last week every available bed in the hotel, boarding houses and private homes were occupied. The Development Company is making arrangements to furnish several rooms in the office building for the purpose of taking care of new settlers, as from present indications the influx will increase.

Mr. A. Wolf is making some extensive improvements on his farm near Dupont.

Mr. W. H. Bacher has quite a nice patch of tomatoes growing in his garden.

William Hardesty has just planted his garden to strawberries, from which he expects to reap a neat little sum this winter.

H. B. Koch has a nice acreage of egg plants and peppers which he expects to harvest this fall. He is planting strawberries and cabbage this week.

Mr. Mack, who lives south on the Moody road, has six acres of fine fall potatoes, from which he expects to harvest at least 500 bushels.

C. D. Hagadorn is bringing in new Irish potatoes and string beans daily, for which he is receiving 50 cents per gallon for the beans and \$4 per barrel for the spuds.

Scott Abbott, who was for six years state lecturer and organizer for Missouri's Woman's Christian Temperance Union, arrived in Bunnell last week, and expects to make his home here.

The biggest and best dance of the season was given at Bunnell on Thanksgiving evening, November 27th, in the hall in the new Tribune Building. This affair was a great success.

Mrs. Lizzie Brenisholz and son, L. J. Brenisholz, of Edgemont, S. D., arrived in Bunnell, and inspected their holdings here. They were well pleased with their lands and expressed their desire to immediately commence clearing them.

O. C. Mosby, the "Old Reliable," continues to bring in beans, turnips, turnip greens, etc., from which he increases his bank account weekly. He has seven acres planted to different truck which is growing nicely.

G. W. Durrance has several acres planted to sugar cane which he is grinding into syrup. He expects to get \$150 worth of syrup to the acre.

F. W. David of McIntosh, S. D., arrived in Bunnell this week. He owns twenty acres near Gore Lake, and will begin clearing at once.

Mr. L. A. Jett of Clarksville, Tenn., is expected to arrive within the next few days. He will clear his tract of land and plant it this winter.

On last Wednesday evening the Town Council held an important session, at which meeting Mayor Heath was present and addressed the council. Mr. Martin Nelson was appointed as new marshal.

The Mohawk Lodge of the Knights of Pythias will be honored with the next district meeting, which will be held here in December. Visiting Pythians will be expected from St. Augustine and Palatka.

Work has begun on the road south of Bunnell, and we hope to have same completed within a few months. The roads around Bunnell are gradually being put in good shape and before long we will have a system of hard roads that we will be proud of.

There is not a part of Bunnell that is developing faster than the western side. The majority of the lots on this side have been sold and improvements will be made on same in the near future. Mr. Frank Vincent already has the foundation of a pretty four room cottage laid, and others expect to follow.

Messrs. Thomas Stone and T. J. Rose of Ohio arrived in town the first of the week. Mr. Rose will make Dupont his future home.

Mr. Zibbert has erected a house near Dupont.

Mr. Chapman of West Virginia is very much impressed with Bunnell and has purchased some acreage in our colony. He returned to West Virginia to bring his family.

Mr. W. H. Coles, a recent arrival from Edmonton, Alta., Can., is going to plant 100 orange and grapefruit trees on his farm this winter. He is very much pleased with Bunnell.

McArn & Co. will at once enter the shoe and dry goods business, and will, under the personal management of Mr. G. C. McArn, be a splendid acquisition to the mercantile business of the town.

Happenings All Over the State of Florida

It Was Done in Florida—"A common laborer moved from Georgia to Florida because of ill health. He had been suffering from chills and fever and came to the magic state to get relief. He had a large family of small children and they were sickly, too. Before he could effect a cure he had exhausted his means and was thrown helpless upon the neighborhood, but the county commissioners came to his aid and placed him on the poor farm with an allowance of \$10 per month. He soon began to regain his health and started to cultivating the poor farm. He was granted the privilege of appropriating all his earnings to himself. In six months he had refunded to the board all they had given him, and paid a reasonable rent fee. He remained on the farm and within two years he had paid \$10,000 for the farm, and in ten years his holdings were worth more than a quarter of a million."—Wildwood Record.

Seventy Acres Pecans Brought \$25,000—Mr. P. P. McKeown, near Concord, Florida, sold to two Chicago men recently a seventy acre pecan farm for \$25,000. This seventy acres was set to pecans only a few years ago. This deal, showing such success in the pecan industry, is the cause that hundreds of acres have been and are being planted to pecans. One concern has put 3,500 acres in pecans within the last three years.

Burbank Coming Soon—A letter very recently received from the plant wizard to the St. Augustine Chamber of Commerce indicates that Mr. Burbank, who is going to make St. John's County his future home, will shortly leave California to begin operations.

Good Money in Raising Tomatoes—Mr. Tedder claims that in twelve years he has made \$35,000, or an average of \$3,000 a year, in raising tomatoes, and he has the figures to prove it.

Mr. Tedder is a native Floridian, born in Deland in 1872, who came to Boynton, Florida, in 1900, with his wife and daughter and \$153.00 in cash in his pocket. After arriving in Boynton he worked a short time by the day until he found a piece of ground to suit him. He has kept a full and complete account of each and every crop, including expenses of raising and marketing the same, this of course giving him his net profit. This shows what farmers can do in Florida.—Tropical Sun.

Hastings Will Plant a Large Acreage of Strawberries—There will be a larger acreage planted than has ever been tried, and efforts are being made to raise enough to be able to ship them in car lots. Small planting, done here in the past, has proved highly successful and yielded from five to six hundred dollars an acre, says the Hastings Journal.

Our land in Bunnell is equally as good, if not better, for the raising of strawberries than the land at Hastings, and we hope that the day will not be far away when Bunnell colonists will also raise enough strawberries to ship them by car load lots.

Sounds Like a Fairy Tale—What sounds more like a fairy tale than anything else, but nevertheless true, was the sale last week of the product of a ten acre grapefruit grove to a Chicago commission firm for \$22,000 cash. This is at the rate of \$2,200 per acre for one year's yield of grapefruit. The grove was bought four years ago for \$7,000, or \$700 per acre. The first year the product was sold for \$5,750; the second year for \$12,750; last year the crop was small and netted only \$7,950. This year the crop is estimated at 9,000 boxes and sold for \$22,000, or \$2.75 per box delivered on board the cars. In the four years the present owner has been in possession, he has received the total sum of \$48,450 for the crop on an investment of \$7,000.

D. E. Evans & Co. of Chicago is the name of the firm that bought the fruit.—Stuart Times.

BUNNELL POTATOES. The great and interesting subject about the coming potato season is being discussed more and more every day by many of our people. Several thousand acres will be planted in this immediate vicinity this coming season. This winter's planting will exceed last year's by at least one thousand acres, and commission merchants from the east are already contracting with the farmers in this vicinity and trying to perfect arrangements by which considerable business may be procured for their houses next spring.—Bunnell Correspondent.

Wisconsin Farmer is Homesick for Bunnell



Mr. W. F. Wagoner.

Mr. Thomas A. Verdenius.

Dear Sir:

Will try and write you about my trip to the Bunnell colony. I was delighted with same, tho the people told me while I was there that it was the dulllest season of the year. I failed to find it dull, and I cannot find words to express my delight for the cool, brisk salt breeze that one seems able to inhale so deeply. I was quite surprised to find it as cool there in Florida as I did, for when I left home the 15th of July, believe me the heat was something fierce. Those two nights I

slept in Bunnell were delightfully cool and refreshing compared to our Wisconsin weather at the same time of the year.

One thing that impressed me very much was the buoyantly happy spirit of most of the people I met there in the colony. Mr. Turner is certainly the right man for your Field Manager. He took me and some others out to the ocean and we had a most enjoyable bath.

I was well pleased with my ten acres. I saw some fine corn and hay and was told that was the second crop, in fact, I saw many different kinds of vegetables and orchards there in the colony, growing luxuriously and the only regret I express is not being financially able to go to Florida this fall, instead of being compelled to sit by a red hot stove part of the winter to keep from freezing and to spend one's earnings for fuel and heavy clothing to keep warm. Every one is predicting a severe winter here and it makes me homesick for Bunnell-Dupont, the ideal spot for a family to spend a happy life.

I take the St. Johns Tribune and also get the Bunnell Home Builder and am glad to note that everything is on the forward march in our colony.

Wishing you success with your new additional development work, I am

Yours truly,
W. F. WAGONER,
Wisconsin.

Do you want more convincing proof of the character of improvements than the photographs we have reproduced here—all taken from the colony?



Home of Mr. Moody, Pres. of the Bunnell Dev. Co.

Two Letters of Unusual Interest Written by Men Who Found Health at Bunnell

Canadian Calls Bunnell the "Home of Health"

Dear Mr. Editor:

Your "Home Builder" is a welcome friend in our home and we eagerly look for your kindly mail, which we highly appreciate. We wish you every success and prosperity.

In response to your editorial invitation, I venture to write of my trip to Bunnell. :



Beautiful Drive Almost Adjoining the Ocean.

I was traveling through Florida in search of health and to escape the punishing cold of a Canadian winter, seeking somewhere God's sunshine and warmth to prolong my life. Reluctantly I was induced to visit Bunnell. I saw, I stayed, I was conquered—by the activities of your town, the domestic attractiveness of the homes, and the industry of the inhabitants, so that my vision of your future prosperity became enlarged. The richness of the soils, the splendid crops growing revealed to me great possibilities for the industrious man with small means. After carefully inspecting your land and others, I accepted your proposition for twenty acres and became "Lord of the Manor," a position I trust to sincerely fulfill.

My visit extended over several weeks, being cordially received everywhere. My first Christmas in Florida was as a beautiful dream to a man wearied with ill health and hungering for rest. That Christmas day I reveled in real enjoyment amidst flowers and fruits. Lightly clad in thinnest clothing I wandered about drinking the sunshine, my heart warmed and pulsating with the genial heat of the day, my eyes absorbing the beauties of the landscape, my mind interpreting the messages of love and good will, until at last my soul was satisfied, my health restored and my heart at rest. Truly it was paradise.

Too soon I had to leave this land of sunshine and flowers and turn my face northward, vowing I would soon return and permanently settle and perform my share to establish and build up Bunnell.

Arriving safely in Canada my friends were amazed at my good health and improved personal appearance. Many never expected I would return alive, but thanks to Bunnell, I convinced them that Florida was the home of health, youth and happiness.

Just as I was preparing to revisit the South last year, Canada's winter "nipped me with its chilling blast" and I had to postpone my trip to November, 1913.

To consummate my high opinion of Bunnell and strengthen my desires, I purchased another ten acres, thirty acres in all. If spared until next Christmas, I am determined to spend that "day of days" among the pine and oaks of Bunnell.

E'er you read this letter Bunnell will behold me as a homesteader, wielding the hammer, plying the saw, tilling the earth, bedecking the land with vegetables, making Nature smile with flowers, laugh with luscious fruits, and yield forth her increase to the ardent tiller of the soil.

Yours very truly,

WILLIAM MOODY,
Canada.

Virginian Tells What Bunnell Did for Him

Mr. S. Howard.

Dear Sir:—I am very much interested in your Bunnell Home Builder and Florida in general, as I am familiar with the greater part of the state. Have lived in Florida and at Bunnell. Have been there at all times of the year and I know the climate to be the finest in the States, warm in winter and cool in summer.

Bunnell is one of the best young towns I was ever in and I have been in every State in the Union and a few of the foreign countries, and the people at Bunnell are nearly all Americans of the better class. There are but few negroes and they are employed by the sawmill and turpentine companies and live to themselves.

The public roads are as good as the shelled roads. They are just as good as the macadamized roads in the North.

The land around Bunnell is as good as any in the state. It varies from a sandy soil to black loam, all underlaid with clay, and this land will soon be selling for \$150.00 to \$200.00 an acre, as Bunnell has good transportation facilities, the Florida East Coast Railway running through the Bunnell Development Company's land and the East Coast Canal on the other side. This land is just as good as the land at Sanford which sells for \$1,000 an acre, and when it is put under cultivation I would not be surprised to see it sell for that, and any one who does not own a good farm I would advise to buy at Bunnell.

I am a farmer and have a large farm at Scottsville, Va., on the James River and am familiar with land and know farming. I bought a ten-acre tract from the Bunnell Company when they started. I had just left the hospital after having typhoid fever. I went to Bunnell, had a house built on my tract, a well put down, stable and shed built, and had it fenced with woven wire, and I lived there until late in the spring. I regained my strength and flesh rapidly and never felt better in my life.

Five acres of my tract is partly cleared, all the timber on five acres has been cut, and I raised vegetables for my table on some of it; and everything I planted did fine.



Bunnell School Building.

The school at Bunnell is good and there is a nice church there. The stores are all up-to-date and Bunnell has a good bank, a big planing mill and sawmill, barrel factory and shingle mill, and wages are good. There is always plenty of work for carpenters, as the town is building up fast.

Yours respectfully

R. B. WEBSTER,
Virginia.

Read What Our "Uncle Sam" Says About the State of Florida



The year book of the department of agriculture is the strongest kind of a booster for Florida. It says:

"Florida produces the most delicate fruit and vegetable crops in the dead of the northern winter."

This is a clear gain. Other states do not produce any crops at all in the dead of winter. The Florida winter vegetable crops, bringing enormous prices because they have no competition, are out of the way before the farmers of other states plant and so the Florida grower after harvesting this highly profitable crop can compete with the

growers of other states for the balance of the year.

Florida land has been known to produce \$1,000, \$1,500, \$2,000, \$2,500 and in one well authenticated instance over \$3,000 worth of products on one acre. Here is a statement from the year book of the department of agriculture for 1911:

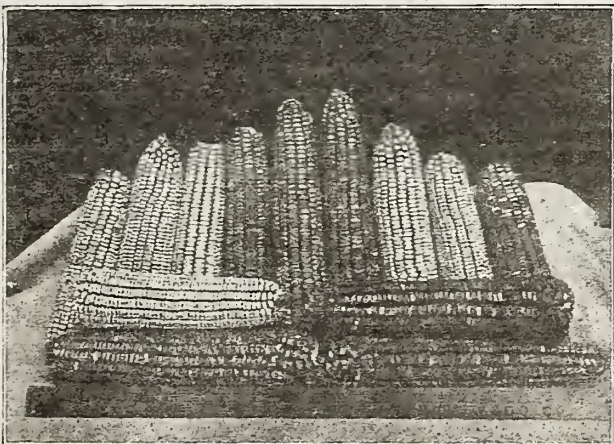
"A combination of irrigation and drainage in Florida has now transformed worthless lands into those producing crops of celery valued at \$2,000 per acre for one crop."

Besides the celery three or four other crops can be grown on the same ground in a year, for Florida's growing season is twelve months long.

We desire to impress upon you the fact that there is absolutely nothing about this colony, or the company, but that will bear the strictest investigation. If you want more facts please write us.

The year book of the department of agriculture does not furnish tables showing the production by states of small crops such as cabbage, onions, lettuce, celery, tomatoes, nor of fruits and berries. These are Florida's principal sources of wealth. But a comparison of the larger crops of which this state produces comparatively little because the fruit and vegetable crops are so much more profitable.

On 636,000 acres of land Florida produced last year 9,286,000 bushels of corn—not quite fifteen bushels per acre. The United States produced 2,552,190,000 bushels on 105,825,000 acres—about twenty-four bushels per acre. The Florida corn was worth on the farm 80 cents per bushel or \$12 per acre, while that of the whole country averaged 61 cents per bushel or \$14.64 per acre.



Sample of Bunnell's 1913 Corn Crop.



Picking Oranges in Grove near Dupont.

The average of the United States is only \$2.64 more on a crop that must be the only crop grown on an acre than the Florida grower gets on one of a number of crops. So little wheat is grown in Florida that the state is not mentioned in the list of wheat producing states. On 43,000 acres of land Florida produced 580,000 bushels of oats worth \$435,000. The United States produced 992,298,999 bushels worth \$414,663,000 on 37,763,000 acres. The average value of the product per acre in Florida was \$10.12, and in the United States \$10.98 per acre.

We want to say to you also—that the proof we have given you within is positive proof—the things you will see with your own eyes when you visit the colony yourself.

Florida produced an average of 90 bushels of potatoes worth \$130.50 per acre. The United States produces an average of eight-one bushels worth \$65.60 per acre. Florida beat the average of the country a little more than two to one.

Florida averaged 1.3 tons of hay worth \$23.67 per acre. The United States averaged 1.1 tons worth \$16.15 per acre. In hay Florida averaged nearly 50 per cent more in value per acre than the United States.

Florida produced on an acre an average of 940 pounds of tobacco worth \$263.20 against an average for the United States of \$94 pounds worth \$84.13. Florida's tobacco yields more than three times as much per acre as that of the country taken as a whole.

Florida grows cotton—a little less per acre than that of the other states—the figures are not given, but it is of the Sea Island variety, worth about twice as much per pound as the upland cotton grown in other states.

If, however, you are in doubt—if you are uncertain about any point please feel free to write us. Your letter will gladly be answered fully and promptly.

The average farmer of the Middle West could sell 100 acres of land and with the proceeds buy 300 acres in Florida which would yield him at least as much value as 600 acres of western land could produce and which in a very few years will sell for more than western land per acre. Crop by crop Florida will average higher than nearly any other state, and the crop compared is the only one in other states and only one of a number grown on the same land in this state.

LUCK.

Luck means rising at six o'clock in the morning, living on one dollar a day if you earn two, minding your own business, and not meddling with other peoples'.

Luck means appointments you never have failed to keep, the train you have never failed to catch.

Luck means trusting in God and your own resources.

Mr. Vincent Visits Thirty-eight States Before Finding the Ideal Spot—Now a Satisfied Land Owner at Bunnell

Bunnell Development Company,
Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:—In looking over your little paper, the "Bunnell Home Builder," I notice that you are receiving letters from visitors to this colony, expressing their pleasure and surprise at finding conditions so much better than they expected, and so I shall try to give you my view of the situation and my experience in Florida and elsewhere.

In the year 1906, being dissatisfied with my surroundings and the prevailing conditions of city life, I left New York and came to Florida. At that time your colony was not in existence and my Florida experience, on that occasion, consisted of a rather extended trip through the southern portion of the state. I did not find the situation to my liking, although I must say I was impressed by the wonderful climatic condition and the evenness of temperature. From Florida I went to Texas, as I was told that there I would find the finest spot on "God's Green Earth," a condition I failed to find, and continued my journey until after a visit to thirty-eight different states. I came to the conclusion that although Florida was not perfect, yet it came nearer fulfilling my idea of a place to make a home, so I again took up an investigation of this state and as a consequence the year of 1910 found me once more in the land of flowers and sunshine where I am today, and where I shall be as long as He spares my life.



Cutting Cow-Pea Hay near Dupont.

Upon arriving a second time in Jacksonville I heard of a place called Bunnell, and as there was no such place on the map when I was here before, I decided to look it over; and I want to say that this was the turning point in my life, as here I found what I had been looking for, a place to start anew among a class of people who were, the same as myself, trying to better their conditions and make a home where life would be worth living, away from the eternal grind and turmoil of the city.

Here also I found practical farmers who had grown tired of working all the year around for a mere existence and who had come to Bunnell where they could have green crops growing at a time when, in their old home, the snow was sweeping around their doors and their summer's earnings were being spent for clothing and fuel in a vain endeavor to keep Jack Frost outside.

Make up your mind now to become the owner of one of these colony farms. Remember this is not a new and untried country—the proof—the positive proof of everything, soil, climate, rainfall, success—one, all—given you within these pages.

At the time I purchased my twenty acre farm from the Bunnell Development Company land was selling all around me for \$20.00 per acre and I am now sorry that I did not get more, as today the same land is selling for twice that amount.

I was told by several people, who thought they knew, that I could not raise such and such a crop; but there was only one way I could be convinced, and that was a failure after my personal effort; and I can truthfully say that I have had and can have a crop growing in my fields during each and every month.



Stacks of Cow-Pea Hay in Same Field near Dupont

Another thing I wish to emphasize is health conditions here. I was told that this was a country of malaria and fever, but wish to state that I have seen more fever and ague north of New York than I ever have south. The only requisite is enough to eat and ordinary cleanliness, which is necessary anywhere.

The best insurance against failure is to be prepared, and here are a few "Don'ts" that may be helpful to prospective settlers gathered from my personal experience and observation.

Don't come here without sufficient money to start right.

Don't come here expecting to find your farm under a high state of cultivation.

Don't come here expecting metropolitan conditions, but remember that this is a new country.

Don't let the people scare you by the cry of fertilization. You cannot expect to work a fat horse without feed, neither should you expect to work land twelve months in the year without food, as no matter how rich the soil may be it is sure to depreciate in plant life under continual cultivation.

The very best advice that I can give is to buy a piece of Florida dirt and buy it now. Land will never be cheaper, and is sure to be higher. My next best advice is to buy from a company who are selling land right and are living up to their contract in every way and who will, as I can honestly say, do their utmost to make it pleasant for every purchaser of their lands, namely, the Bunnell Development Company, composed of men who are living in Florida and have faith in their colony; every one of them honest, upright gentlemen.

Once more I say to all who wish to live more pleasant and as a consequence add years to their life, COME TO FLORIDA!

Yours very truly,

F. VINCENT,
Florida.

Do you want better or more positive proof of Bunnell's wonderful climate than the statements of those who live there?

LETTER CONTEST AWARDS.

The letters contributed to the Anniversary Number have all been very interesting, and it has been difficult for the committee to make the awards offered for the best three letters. However after careful reading and consideration the prizes were awarded as follows:

First Prize—Mr. F. M. Williams, Illinois.

Second Prize—Mr. William Moody, Canada.

Third Prize—Mr. F. Vincent, Florida.

We are also pleased to announce that Mr. Verdenius has had mounted, photographs of Bunnell, like the one appearing on the front cover of this issue, and one of these will be presented to each person who entered this letter contest.

We thank you all for your hearty co-operation.

The Editor.

Take care of a little farm in the Bunnell-Dupont Colony, and the little farm will take care of you.



Mr. T. A. Verdenius
The Pioneer Small Farm Man of Florida.

Bunnell Development Company. The first farm I sold was on November 4, 1911. But very few farms had been sold previous to that time, so that I may say in reality most of the wonderful development in our colony has taken place within the past two years.

As I look back over these two years (and I am inclined to retrospection more especially at this time, since the Home Builder is celebrating its first anniversary), I am not only proud of Bunnell-Dupont, but a feeling of gratitude swells up in my heart that I have had the privilege of being associated with such a splendid proposition, and that I have been instrumental in directing so many earnest men and women to our prosperous colony.

And right here I want to thank every one who has been associated with me in this great work, for your excellent co-operation—our present colonists and non-resident land owners as well.

Naturally, you understand that this has been, first of all, a straight business proposition with me, just as it has been a business proposition with the men and women who have bought farms from me, but aside from this feature, it has afforded me much pleasure to be able to help some one better his or her condition.

Many hundreds of people have placed enough confidence in me and in my statements regarding our colony, to send me their hard-earned money, some from far-away Alaska, the Canadian Northwest and the Hawaiian Islands, others from Mexico and Europe, while there is practically not a state in the Union where we do not have some buyers; indeed I may say that there is scarcely a good-sized city in the whole United States that does not contain one or more of our land owners.

Do you want better proof of what a man can do on a ten-acre farm at Bunnell than the Actual Stories of Success of the colonists themselves?

A great number of these people have gone to Bunnell to inspect their holdings; some of them have traveled thousands of miles, from the far-distant Pacific states and northern Canada, to verify my statements regarding the land which they had bought without seeing, simply on my recommendations, and it gives me extreme pleasure to say that the majority of all these folks have been more than satisfied. Indeed I appreciate such faith as this, and I expect to be the last man ever to abuse such a confidence reposed in me.

As this anniversary number of the Home Builder will be sent, not only to all our land owners, but to the people as well who have made inquiries concerning our colony from time to time, I am writing this letter to this latter class especially—to you who have not yet purchased a farm in the Bunnell-Dupont Colony. I want you to read everything else in this issue first, all of the splendid letters, the editorials, etc., and then, read CAREFULLY PLEASE, this letter of mine—last of all.

It is now about two years since I became connected with the

I shall not discuss Bunnell-Dupont and her great possibilities today. You have had my sincere opinion on this subject many times. I simply refer you to the letters published in this issue, written by men and women of capability and intelligence, who have carefully inspected our colony lands, or who have thoroughly informed themselves otherwise of the merits of our proposition, and have therefore written these letters out of the fullness of their hearts. There is a ring of truthfulness and sincerity in these letters that no one can gainsay. Note especially the letters from men who are living in the colony, some of whom have been there for a number of years. Surely you will be convinced of the truth of these men's statements, if you have not been of mine.

Carefully observe the pictures contained in this issue of the Home Builder. They are late views of the colony which I had taken when I was in Florida a few weeks ago. The photograph reproduced in the front cover of this magazine is a view of about one-fourth of the town of Bunnell. Did you ever see a prettier little city anywhere the age of this town?

I believe you must admit that you made a big mistake in not buying a farm-home from me before, but I trust you are not going to repeat that mistake this winter.

It is not any wonder, with such inducements as we have to offer, that practically all of our land was sold during the past season; still here I am offering you another opportunity to secure a home in this prosperous community.

Owing to the continued demand for our farms, we found it necessary to place on the market at once an additional 25,000 acres, owned by the Bunnell Development Company, and located just south of the original tract. This land is now for sale at \$35.00 an acre, on the easy payment plan of \$1.00 an acre a month. These farms are just as good in every respect as those we have previously sold. The location is practically the same, the Florida East Coast Railroad also cutting this new tract in two, while the Dupont Railroad passes through a portion of this land.

With this issue of the Bunnell Home Builder, which is being mailed to each person with whom we have ever corresponded regarding Bunnell-Dupont, we are opening our winter selling campaign, and you, therefore, have the opportunity to purchase one of the choicest locations in the new tract, if you will order your farm promptly.

Do not forget that our motto has ever been, "First come, first served," so I urge you not to lose any time if you wish to secure one of our best farms.

It is not a question of whether you can afford to buy a farm in our colony; the fact is, YOU CANNOT AFFORD NOT TO BUY ONE. When you become the owner of a farm-home in Bunnell-Dupont, you will then have no occasion to fear strikes, hard times or old age, for

IF YOU TAKE CARE OF A LITTLE FARM IN THE BUNNELL-DUPONT COLONY, THE LITTLE FARM WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU.

Did You Ever Wish?

that you could get away from worry, rush, anxiety and high cost of living, incident to life in a great City?

Would You Like

some day to be a producer of some of the high priced foods you use daily, rather than be a consumer—to sort of even things up before you have to lay down the burden of life?

Would You Consider

a plan to establish your family near to Nature, in a locality with good schools, churches and society, away from almost the constant worry of meeting the never ending and ever increasing expenses of living?

Would You Like

to live in an ideal climate, where three hundred and sixty-five days of the year are growing days, and where you can raise three crops annually?

Would You Like

to live in a country where there are no severe winters and where you can pick oranges from the trees, while the more unfortunate people in the North are busy shoveling snow?

Would You Consider Moving to Florida

if I can prove to your satisfaction that it would mean health, prosperity, independence and happiness for you and your loved ones?

If So, Then Write Us

for the latest edition of my illustrated, coporighted, booklet, "***A Little Farm—A Big Living***," printed in colors. In it I have told the simple story of Bunnell. If you want this booklet free of cost, fill out the order blank below, mail it to me today and the book will be sent to you at once prepaid.

 **Cut out this Coupon and mail to our Sales Office at Chicago today** 

THOS. A. VERDENIUS,

108 South La Salle Street, Chicago, Illinois

I am interested in the Bunnell-DuPont colony and would like to receive a copy of your book,

"A Little Farm—A Big Living"

and would also like to receive for six months, free of cost, your magazine, *The Home Builder*.

NAME _____ STREET and NUMBER _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

If you have any acquaintances who are interested, send us their names also